

# THE LIGUORIAN

*In the Service of*

## OUR MOTHER OF PERPETUAL HELP

May . . . . . 1932

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# THE LIGUORIAN

*A Popular Monthly Magazine According to the Spirit of St. Alphonsus Liguori  
Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

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## The First Smile

Oh fairest Babe that ever lay  
Upon a mother's breast—save One,  
Thine own dear Son.  
The silken curtains of thine eyes unfurled  
To look, bewildered, on the great new world—  
And on thy baby lips the while  
Thy first sweet smile.

Like vernal breath of some bright flower,  
Thou cravest with thine eyes of bliss  
A mother's kiss.  
While soft as dew upon the new-blown rose,  
Where early sunbeam trembles to repose,  
Beams forth, with every tender wile,  
Thy first sweet smile.

May gentle warblers sing for thee  
Their blended song in sweet caress  
Of happiness.  
May sunshine bless thy childish hours.  
Too distant yet the storm-cloud lowers.  
Still, Blessed One, our hearts beguile  
With thy sweet smile.

—*Brother Reginald, C.Ss.R.*

## Father Tim Casey

### CHRISTIAN MANNERS

C. D. McENNIRY, C.Ss.R.

Lawrence Dwyer curled up like a tired kitten in Father Casey's big arm chair and began:

"Father Tim, you know that guy, Mulligan? Well, he gives me a pain."

"A pain?" the priest responded absently as he shuffled together a pile of freshly-written manuscripts. "Try Sloan's Liniment — for man and beast."

"Yeah," Dwyer continued, impervious to medical suggestions, "he used to be a decent sort of chap before he went to college; now he is a pompous ass."

"That statement does not agree with the information, I received," Father Casey objected. "Hellbach, of the First National, told me Mulligan had made good. And you know Hellbach is not easily fooled."

"Oh, yes; he got his degrees all right. He's not dumb."

"Hellbach was not referring to scholastic acquirements but to social prowess, facility of getting on with people. He says Mike Mulligan, whose daddy got his start wheeling cinders at the gas house, is accepted on terms of perfect equality in the highest circles."

"That's true, too. There is not a college high-brow or malefactor of great wealth in the city but Mike can put his feet under said gentleman's mahogany with as much assurance as if he owned it," Dwyer readily admitted.

"It surely isn't that you are jealous of him. I should never have thought that of you, Larry."

Dwyer shot bolt upright, and his two feet hit the floor with a bang.

"God knows I am not, Father Tim. I begrudge no man the best — the very, very best — his ability or his breaks can bring him. 'Tis not Mulligan's success — I'd like to see that doubled — it is his unsufferable pomposity that gets my goat."

"Can't you see that he should conform to the manners of the people with whom he associates?" Father Casey demanded.

"I can see it plainly," cried Dwyer. "And that precisely is what he does not do. Let him be high-brow with the high-brows, but when he drops into my house, where we played together as kids, why can't



he come off the perch and be human! Whenever he comes, we give him a good old-fashioned welcome, and he reciprocates by making us all uncomfortable with his stilted, unnatural behaviour."

"That, of course, shows lack of good breeding," the priest conceded. "He may be following to the letter every rule laid down for conduct in good society, but he misses the fundamental principle at the bottom of all the rules—a delicate consideration for the feelings of others. However, Larry, his fault is not common among our Catholic young men: for one Mulligan, who pays too much attention to the rules of high society, we have a hundred Dwyers, who pay too little."

"Now, Father Tim, do not be too hard on us. We are not so bad. We don't eat peas with a knife nor lap up our coffee out of the saucer—at least, not in company." And the speaker stretched himself luxuriously on the cushioned seat.

"Oh, I admit there is a real difference in meal-time manners between you and Shep. But is that enough? Can you conduct yourself naturally and correctly under all the circumstances a gentleman may, sooner or later, find himself? Suppose you are invited to a formal dinner in some aristocratic home; do you know how to answer the invitation? Do you know what to wear, when to arrive, what to do after you have arrived? Do you know how to escort your lady to the dinner table, how to act towards her during dinner, and towards the hostess, and towards the servants? Do you know what to do when you get an invitation to a Four-O'clock-Tea, to an Afternoon-At-Home, to a Week-End in the country? How should you hand a lady into a cab? What use should you make of calling cards? What would you do with a pair of gloves?"

"Send me to the foot of the class," Dwyer answered lazily. A moment later he added: "But I'll tell you what, Father Tim: I know where, for four bits, I can get a book with all that dope, any time I have to go through the torture."

"What kind of figure would you cut at a formal dinner if your only preparation were two hours of reading in a book of good manners?"

"What kind of figure? Ha," he laughed derisively, "that of an awkward clown. Don't I know? I went through the agony once; and the whole time I felt about as much at home as a bootlegger in a Sunday school. Well, I finally got home that night, pulled off my white vest and threw it at the cat and took one deep breath of freedom and swore, never again."

"'Twas easy enough to keep that resolution. You never got an invitation again."

"I could have got them a-plenty, had I been keen on it. But not this baby! Me for the simple life!"

"You mean, you for the life of a simp. Down in your heart you know you would be glad to accept invitations of that sort if you could conduct yourself with assurance, ease, and grace. But you can't. Perfect manners require a heap of practice, schooling, training, self-denial, self-restraint. And you are unwilling to pay the price."

"Since the price is out of proportion to the value of the goods, why pay it?" Dwyer parried. "Our daddies got along without dinner coats and calling cards, why cannot we?"

"Because you fellows are placed in different circumstances from your daddies. They made the best of their opportunities without counting the cost. Thanks to their self-denial, you are starting life with a thousand advantages they never knew. Are you going to let all those advantages slip—lie back and excuse your sloth by saying: what was good enough for my daddy is good enough for me?"

"Do you want us to become a lot of fops—to lose our natural freedom by slavish submission to an endless list of artificial rules for everything we do from eating grape fruit to proposing to a girl?"

"Mr. Lawrence Dwyer, I beg you to remember that you must and you do follow an endless list of artificial rules, no matter what set you move in—whether it is the upper four-hundred or the brotherhood of porch-climbers and crooks. What I ask is that you train yourself to follow with ease and grace the rules of the highest, most influential set."

"Why? What's the use?"

"Too many of you Catholic young men are saying, what's the use? And then you come whining because there are so few Catholic names among the highest officials of our government and diplomatic corps, our important companies and firms and banks, our newspaper staffs and college faculties."

"Father Tim, it is not a cutaway coat but a Mason's button we need to crash those gates. To get one of those positions a guy needs a good strong pull."

"Oh, you make me tired. That is the slacker's alibi. Don't you know that the real active heads of big organizations must be men who run on their own power without depending on a push or a pull."

"If one gets in without a pull, he has to be skilled in a great many other things besides the correct manner of handling the flowered china at an afternoon tea," protested Dwyer.

"Absolutely. But you Catholic young men — thousands of you — have the other things. You are educated, you have brains and judgment, you have human sympathy, a sense of humor, a happy knack of saying the right thing at the right time. In spite of your inborn laziness, you tackle your daily work with a grin and do your duty and master your job and get results. Men of that metal are so sorely needed in high official positions that you could hardly be stopped in your gradual advancement if there were not some serious obstacle in the way —"

"Gee, I like that record, Father Tim. Do keep on playing it."

"Some serious obstacle. And that obstacle, in my opinion, is, not infrequently, the inability of our Catholic young men to move freely in the higher social circles."

"Father Tim, if I know anything about the heads of our large organizations, they are valued for their ability in landing a contract or swinging a deal — not for their correctness of taste in evening gloves."

"If you know anything about the heads of our large organizations, a little reflection will tell you that they do not begin, continue, and close all their important deals at the office desk. There are contacts to be made, human equations to be studied, antipathies to be overcome, friendships to be fostered. Much of this is done through social intercourse. Mr. Lawrence Dwyer, President of the Company, gives a dinner in his home. Among the invited guests are some who must be cultivated in the interests of a prospective consolidation. But if Mr. Dwyer and wife do not know how to give a dinner, or if they are so green at it that they will be on a strain and not able to show up at their best, then Mr. Dwyer will not do for president. He simply is not in that class. Why then waste time grooming him for the position? He will be an efficient and highly-valued hack horse but nothing more."

"Yes, yes, I see — But this *Mrs.* Lawrence Dwyer? I am more thrilled over her than over the presidency of the company. Wha — what will she be like?"

"Larry, my boy, she will be very much like her husband. If he is too indolent and slovenly to submit to the home training necessary to fit him for his place in the best society, *Mrs.* Dwyer will, quite probably, jog along with him at the same indifferent gait. But if Mr. Dwyer wants

his home to be a cultured home, he will find Mrs. Dwyer both able and willing to assist. She will, of course, be a product of convent education. Therefore she will have learned from the very best precept and example how to be a perfect lady — ”

“Now, now, Father Tim, you are wrecking my fairy castle, even before you have finished building it. I can see right now that Mrs. Dwyer will never let me put my feet on the radiator or throw cigarette ashes on the rug.”

“If you want to feel at your ease in cultured society, you must accustom yourself to acting like a cultured gentleman. No man can be always a slouch and a rowdy at home and a perfect gentleman abroad.”

“You mean we must keep in constant training to escape a knockout in the social ring.” Dwyer suggested.

“Exactly. Perhaps not even this constant training will save you and your wife from showing a little of the parvenu — the newcomer — in your speech, your conduct, your mannerisms. But your children will grow up in a cultured home. What they practise from infancy will set naturally upon them. Thus they will reap the benefit of your sacrifices.”

“My dear Reverend Father, I am surprised and — er — painfully shocked at your urging Catholic young men to ambition high society and important official positions. Would it not be more in keeping with your calling to warn your spiritual children to despise this worldly pomp and worldly riches?”

“I am not worried about your pomp or riches, Larry. I assume you have enough good horse sense to value such things only for what they are worth. But I am deeply concerned about your doing your duty — about your responding to the Pope’s clarion call to Catholic Action. There can be no Catholic Action without Catholic leadership. Our educated Catholic men must no longer hang back and allow non-Catholics to keep a perpetual monopoly of leadership — social, cultural, economic, political, diplomatic leadership. Listen, Larry: here is the type of Catholic young man that will make a leader — a Christian gentleman. He is both virile and gentle, considerate of others, firm with himself. He can say, no, when necessary, but does not take a savage delight in doing so. Never does he yield a principle, but many a time he sacrifices personal comforts and pleasures for the happiness of others. He is quick to see and comply with the wishes of others —

and this as cheerfully and gracefully in his own household as in society. He is punctual at his meals, faithful to his engagements. He is deferential towards his seniors, heartening towards his juniors. With the rich and great he is neither strained and defiant nor fawning and obsequious; with the poor and lowly he is neither overbearing nor wishy-washy. He can lose a game without losing his temper. He can listen as well as talk and talk as well as listen. He is outwardly as bright and cheerful when assigned to an elderly partner as one that is young and pretty. He is as honorable towards all women as he would wish all men to be towards his own sister. In a word, his speech, his conduct, everything about him shows that he has polish and culture, the polish and culture that lend refinement not only to his manners but to his mind and spirit."

"Hold on, Father Tim, you're off the highway? What you are describing is not gentleman but a saint."

"Nobody but a saint can be a perfect gentleman. Indeed a man is a fool for practising the constant self-watchfulness, self-control, self-denial and thoughtful charity towards others, required in a gentleman, unless he is doing it from the same supernatural motives as the saint."

"You have made one convert, Father Tim. I hereby solemnly bind myself to accompany you to formal dinners, four-o'clock-teas, and afternoon-at-homes until I shall have acquired the fine art of being a gentleman."

"Ah, go on with you; don't bother about me. I was talking for you young people that have the golden opportunities before you. Go and dress and entertain your distinguished callers with the hearty graciousness of a Christian gentleman. Meantime your daddy and I will take ourselves and our pipes to the woodshed," said Father Casey.

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Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, Religion and Morality are indispensable supports. Let it simply be asked, Where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths which are the instruments of investigation in Courts of Justice?—*George Washington*.

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Make yourself an honest man, and then you may be sure that there is one less rascal in the world.—*Carlyle*.

## Gathered at Dawn

### SANCTITY AMONG OUR CHILDREN

PETER J. ETZIG, C.Ss.R.

#### VIII.

Raphael Sanzio, the great painter, so the story goes, had just finished his great canvas, the Sistine Madonna. He stood back a moment entranced by his own production. He was not perfectly satisfied. As he stood there, he heard a slight rustle at the window which was on the ground level. He turned and saw two little Italian faces peering above the sill. Eyes wide with admiration looked up at the beautiful Madonna; there was a reverence on those child features, that thrilled the weary painter and galvanized him into life. He snatched up his palette, and worked at the base of the picture. After a while he stood back once more — two beautiful cherub faces were looking up at the Madonna di Sisto. I have read that Italian women about to become mothers visit copies of this picture and study these two beautiful faces, and beg the Madonna to trace some of their beauty in the features of their future children.

That happened years ago, in fact three and a half centuries ago. But somewhat over a dozen years ago, a certain French woman about to be a mother, gazed at a beautiful print of Reynolds' "Angels' Heads," and to the absent Madonna made this prayer: "Holy Virgin, give me a child as beautiful as one of these angels. On my part, I will give her to you; she will wear your colors, she will belong entirely to you." Shortly after, a child was born upon whose features the Virgin had in truth traced the beauty of the Reynolds Angels.

#### LUCETTE (1920-1926)

Lucette, or as she was familiarly called, Lulu, was born at Montelieu, France, on the 27th of January, 1920, and was baptized three days later. They named her Marie-Luce-Ennemonde-Christiane. The mother and father were exemplary Christians and sought to educate their child for God alone. For some unknown reason, the family has not revealed its name, and therefore for convenience I will designate it as M. Mrs. M. started quite early to direct the child's attention towards spiritual things. While watching the Corpus Christi procession she filled the tiny hand with daisies and held it out towards

the passing Lord. Often she would place a coin in the little hand and have the child drop it in the beggar's hat. With six months came the first words: Papa, Mamma, happy. This term "happy" seemed to be a favorite word and bobbed up in very unexpected places. When she was old enough to fill the house with her childish prattle, the phrase "Happy mamma, happy papa" was frequently heard. When ten months old, she was one day lying in her cradle looking up at the Reynolds print. Mrs. M. was busy nearby, when she heard the child lisp "Oh, the little Zesus!" This use of "z" for the soft "g" or "j" gave her child-talk an amusing character. When she awoke in the morning she had the habit of greeting Jesus with "Bonzour Zesus!"; when evening came on and the house lamp was lit she would politely greet the occasion with "Bonzour la lampe!" Another peculiar phrase of hers was "comme un anze" (like an anzel). In one of her very affectionate moments she assured her mother that "I love you mamma, like an anzel." Once while waiting for a street car, she heard its whistle from afar: "It whistles like an anzel." When one of the grandfathers of the village greeted her with "How are you this morning?" he got the mystic reply "Like an anzel."

#### POETRY OF CHILDHOOD

Father Faber in his volume "Bethlehem" says that joy is like a missionary speaking of God, and remarks: "All things grow silently Christian under its reign. It brightens, ripens, softens, transfigures, like the sunlight, the most improbable things which come within its sphere. A single gifted heart like this is the apostle of its neighborhood." This characteristic of joy was the distinctive feature of Lucette. She radiated it, she poured it into every flower, she saw it in every field, she traced it in every creature. Gifted as she was with a somewhat poetic nature, she was highly sensitive to things of beauty. These very things brought out expressions of sheer joy—the happiness of being a creature and of having such wonderful things around about. For this reason an excursion into the country was a rare delight for her. One day when she came upon a field that was vibrant with the chirp of the crickets, she exclaimed in delight: "Listen how the prairie sings!" Passing along the road she noted how beautifully the daisies were poised on their stems. "Jesus placed these flowers here for me!" she exclaimed as she stroked the delicate petals. Her comparisons were always interesting, and at times very striking—the privilege of poets.



While playing around among the flowers, the roughness of the leaves of the sunflower pricked her tender skin. "These sunflowers," she said, "prick just like papa's beard."

Springtime was for her a continual feast. Adjoining the home was a beautiful garden, in which Lucette spent much of her time. The mysteries of the plant and animal life were enchantment to her, and she whiled away hours talking to the flowers and the birds. The blossoming pear tree fascinated her and she named it "the tree that weeps petals." She could pity a mutilated tree or flower with all the earnestness we would give to a suffering human being. Among the birds, she loved the swallows above all. The plebeian sparrow also came in for an unusual share of friendship. One day, after mother had been telling her all about creation, Lucette went out into the garden and questioned Master Sparrow on the point:

"Sparrow, who created us?"

"Cuic," was the response.

"Very good, very good, it is le bon Dieu."

At this same time, Mrs. M. came upon Lucette holding some dust in her open palm, and breathing on it for all she was worth. The child was all seriousness. She breathed once . . . again . . . still another time. She shook her head sadly and then looked up into mother's face and said with an air of resignation:

"I can't create!"

"You can't create?"

"No. I tried to do as the good God did. But you see, it does not work."

One day she found a bird that had fallen from its nest. With characteristic solicitude she turned to her little Jesus to get Him to mend affairs: "Little Jesus, take it in your arms, give it back to its mamma."

In this way under the tactful guidance of her mother, Marie-Luce learned to see God in the beautiful things around her. It made her sad to see the glory of the flowers fade at dusk so that she once told mother: "Why must evening come at all to these beautiful days of spring?" Each evening as she would leave the garden, she would ask Jesus to bless everything there: "Little Jesus, bless the birds of the garden, the sparrows, Lucette's dolls, and my tortoise, Cloclo."



"MAMMA, STRIKE ME ON THE HAND"

Gradually Mrs. M. introduced the child into the truths of faith, impressing upon the receptive mind that Jesus came before all in her affection.

"Whom do you love, Lucette?" Mrs. M. asked her unexpectedly.

"The Little Jesus, papa, mamma, and then the animals," came the prompt reply.

Sometimes her extraordinary affection for her mother made her somewhat exclusive.

"Mamma, do you love me more than you love Little Jesus?"

"Jesus is always first, dear, and after Him you come first."

"If I had known that," she replied rather sadly, "I would not have asked you that." There is no need to say that the child was instructed in the matter.

When playing and doing things about the house, she would ask the most surprising questions. One day the Curé came on a little visit, and as he was talking to Mrs. M., Lucette broke in with a question that had no connection with figure or fact.

"Monsieur Le Cure, is there a piano in the choir loft of the Church?"

"But why should there be?" asked the perplexed priest.

"Why, that the angels may have their musicale!"

The Bible stories fascinated Lucette and mother had to tell and re-tell them. One day she was telling the child how the Savior was crucified. She described how he was thrown on the cross, how his hands were held down, how the nails were driven through the palms. The child was awestruck, and then with a true impulse of love, she told her mother: "Mamma, strike me on the hands too, so I may see how they did it to Jesus." A similar impulse made her tell her mother who was fitting a dress on the child: "It will be all right if you stick me with a pin. I will offer my suffering to the good Jesus."

Among some of the stories she loved most, were those of the "Ramages" (Rois Mages — Magi kings), the "Sainte Maritaine" (Samaritan woman), Madame Ruth and Monsieur Beaurose (Booz).

The child, however, had faults and some of them were somewhat serious. She certainly was obstinate and often Mrs. M. had to use argument to make the child obey. There is something very tactful, and eminently spiritual in the system of education used by this mother. One day she wanted Lucette to do something; the child demurred. Instead

of becoming angry and seeking to flex that little will by force, Mrs. M. reminded the child that very probably if she did this act some soul in Purgatory would profit by it; perhaps even this act of obedience might be the means of giving a soul wings for heaven. Lucette obeyed gladly. At other times the mother said nothing. One day Lucette was striving valiantly to form the letter "e," but all to no avail. The child became impatient, and finally so angry that she rolled herself on the floor. Mrs. M. said nothing; she understood her child. As soon as the storm was over the little one, contrite but decided, went to mother again: "Mamma give me my pencil; I know how to make 'e's'; I have thought about it during my bad temper." She took the pencil and made superb "e's."

Besides this strain of obstinacy, there was also a spirit of independence and a dreamy mood that had to be overcome. These were gradually corrected — both by the Eucharist. Obedience was demanded at times because Jesus wanted it so, or because it was the condition of her First Communion. The dreamy and pensive way she had, was fed not by the Fairy Tales of Grimm or Anderson, but by the solid facts of the Scriptures and the Lives of the Saints. For her the castle of the Knight was a real heaven, the Knight was God, the pages were the angels, and the courtiers were the saints. It is surprising how the Bible stories hold and fascinate a child.

"SHOW ME YOUR LITTLE JESUS"

For a long time Lucette had expressed a lively desire for Holy Communion. From the time that her mother told her of Him who lives behind that little golden door, who has but one desire — to live in the hearts of His creatures, the little one longed to receive Christ in Holy Communion.

"But why do you wish to receive Him?" asked mother one day.

"Because I want to make Him happy," was the reply.

On the feast of the Assumption, 1924, Mrs. M. took Lucette with her to church. When the time came to approach the communion rail, the little tot began to follow her mother. Mrs. M. told her she must remain in the pew till mother returned, a fact which gave her great pain. When they had returned home, Lucette looked up at her mother:

"Show me your little Jesus!"

"I cannot do that, cherie," replied the mother.

"But I want to caress Him," she persisted.

"He hides Himself in my heart," explained Mrs. M.

"Ah! He hides Himself! . . . He is like the little birds. . . . I want to have Him in my heart for myself."

"You will have Him when you make your first Communion."

"I want to make it immediately," and her eyes were shining with anticipation.

In this same year, Mrs. M. inquired of the Curé about the child's Communion and when he discouraged the idea, Lucette was very much chagrined. However, in 1925 two Capuchin Fathers gave a mission in the parish and one of them took a very great interest in the case, so that he finally said he would see to it that the child received her First Communion before Easter. On March 28 she made her first confession and was overjoyed when the confessor assured her that her soul was perfectly white.

#### HEART TO HEART

At last the great day arrived. The child looked marvelously beautiful. What the first kiss of the Savior meant to this child has never been written, nor did she speak of it. But when she came home, she put her ear to the heart of her mother—a thing she frequently did after receiving Holy Communion.

"I hear little Jesus in your heart, mamma," she said.

"And what is He saying, dear?" asked the mother.

"I love Lucette . . . And now, mamma, you listen at my heart," and Mrs. M. would have to put her ear to the heart of her child. The child had a real hunger for the Sacrament, and could never understand the logic that allowed adults the privilege of daily Communion whereas it kept the child away, since "the good God loves children more." In all Lucette received the Eucharist but fourteen times—her fifteenth was face to face.

She had a real veneration for even the unconsecrated hosts. One day she asked her mother where hosts were made.

"In convents," mother answered.

"Well then, when I grow up I want to be in a convent." In fact much of her respect for her aunt who was a Visitandine, was due to the fact that the Visitandines made hosts.

#### OTHER DEVOTIONAL TRAITS

Marie-Luce had such a great devotion to St. Francis of Assisi that she persuaded her mother to join the Third Order. She even wrote letters to the Saint, and on one occasion reminded him that as this

was her last piece of paper he had better answer. Devotion to this saint was very likely due to the similarity of a certain characteristic in both: intense love for nature around them.

She had a special devotion to the Souls in Purgatory. That Mrs. M. made good use of this attraction so as to make the child obey, we have already seen. It was a custom for Mrs. M. and the child to make a visit to the cemetery after Vespers on Sunday, where the most neglected graves were visited. It was a touching sight to see the little tot stop here and there, repeating the Our Father and the Hail Mary. The cause of the Holy Souls was certainly in good hands especially when Lucette would stand before the little crib and plead for those souls: "Make them happy, little Jesus!"

In this life as in that of Martha Sasseville, there was a peculiar veneration for Holy Water. Before the child drifted off into slumber, papa had to trace the sign of the cross on the little brow, and mamma had to bless her with Holy Water. She asked mother all about the water, and reminded mother that she should not place the fount too high, for she would like to dip her fingers in the water. She often used Holy Water to chase away the devil when she had a fit of temper. She also had a real veneration for the blessed candle, and when a storm was on, she would bring out the candle.

If Lucette had lived, in all probability she would have become a Sister of Charity. She loved the white spreading cornette of the "sisters of heaven." But the little tot never lived to see that day. Her sanctity was reaching its maturity. Simplicity and delicacy of character, candor, discretion and humility, marked her out for a wonderful career and promised much for God. But God plucks his flowers when He wills, some when the morning light is upon them, others deep in the evening, all when the design of His parterre demands them.

#### THE EVENING ANGELUS

The Christmas of 1925 was one of great joy for Lucette. She experienced unbounded satisfaction in helping with the crib. The family communicated at the midnight Mass, and had a general celebration for the children of the neighborhood on January 26. The Christmas days passed and all the children of the neighborhood were taken down with a cold, Lucette among them. Soon the others recovered, but the cough of Lucette clung. The doctor prescribed for it and paid little attention to it since there was no sign of lung complications. But soon the little

one became very sick and on January 29 the doctor diagnosed the case as double pneumonia. Up to this time, suffering had been an unknown thing in her life. It is not surprising therefore to hear her say in a moment of pain: "Oh mamma, I do not wish any more to become a saint? It is very hard!" But she soon caught herself and said rather sadly: "I have my mamma . . . I am contented!"

The little patient grew steadily worse. The doctor prescribed intravenous injections, and the household realized that the case was becoming serious indeed. Lucette tried to comfort her mother and bore up bravely under the repeated injections. The doctor assured Mrs. M. that if Lucette held out till Thursday, she would recover. Thursday came, but the little tot grew steadily worse. Seven long weeks God used to etch His image upon this little soul and in that time He accomplished the work of twenty or thirty years. Moments of agony were interspersed with moments of joy so that at one time she cried out: "I have nothing but joy!" At other times she was gripped by fear, but she always became tranquil in the thought that she wanted nothing but Jesus and to please Him. She still played with her dolls but loved Georgette above all because it made her think of heaven. At other times a picture of Christ or a crucifix alone would satisfy her.

"What shall I give you now — a toy?" Mrs. M. once asked when she had to leave the child for a while.

"No, mamma, give me a Jesus!"

Passion Sunday dawned and with it Lucette took a decided turn for the worse. Mrs. M. had desired to have Lucette receive Holy Communion, but the cough continued and made it impossible. She gave the child Lourdes water and had her pray for her cure, reminding her also that since it was Lent, she should offer her pains for the conversion of sinners. The child agreed very readily.

On March 23 Mrs. M. realized that a cure was impossible and she prayed: "Holy Virgin, if you do not wish to cure her, take her quickly and sweetly." The child sank steadily. March 24 as the noonday Angelus sounded she stirred:

"Why are the bells ringing, mamma?"

"It is the Angelus, dear," and the room became silent once more. At five o'clock, she complained of pain, but quickly caught herself: "Do not be disturbed, mamma; it will soon be over; the end is here." At six o'clock, she called for Mr. M., and the child spoke dreamily of

her hours of play, of papa, of mamma. The priest was called, and as these three knelt around the little bed, the child opened her eyes. They were radiant with light. Her breath seemed to hover; and as Mrs. M. spoke softly to the child, "Little Jesus . . . Little Jesus . . ." Luce-Marie was off to the Angels. It was the time of the evening Angelus.

For Mrs. M. the Reynolds faces never grow old, and when she looks at the five faces, the scene seems vibrant with life, for a sixth seems to glow in the picture, and Lucette speaks to her mother, and her speech is of God and of heaven. This is the glory of motherhood, and at the same time its reward exceedingly great. It is the glory that pagan concept cannot build, nor pagan morality ever allow. Children are the gifts of God, and mothers should be thrilled to think that these precious things have been entrusted to them for one single purpose—to help God etch His beauty on an immortal soul! And as the etcher perfects himself with every stroke of the etching-needle, so too educating a child to goldliness deepens the life of God in a mother's soul. What a glorious privilege is this to a creature—Christian parents, whose artistry is to work in godliness—Christian homes, the studios of God!

ACKNOWLEDGMENT: The facts of the above sketch are taken from a little French biography "Lucette" by Rev. Victor Marmoiton, S.J., and published by the Apostolate of Prayer, Toulouse. The work has already reached its 30th thousand.

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### FOR A PURPOSE

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"Man must work. He must work to eat and be clothed; he must work for shelter, for love, for his children; he must work for his immortal soul. But as soon as he lets himself be ruled by pure busyness for its own sake, he is lost. He is forever rolling the stone uphill and never reaching the top."—*The Drifter*, in the *Nation*.

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We must endeavor to double, not our desires and our exercises, but the perfection with which we fulfill them, seeking by this means to gain more by one action well done than we would by a hundred others done according to our inclination and affection.

## Thinking It Over

FLORENCE OWENS

### *Searching for Happiness*

The Universal cry of human nature is for happiness. Where shall one find it? In what really does it consist? One says: "Oh, if I only had the means for travel; to see the world would make me very happy." Another: "I wish I had wealth, so that I could enjoy all the luxuries of life." A third: "If I only had my health, how happy I would be." And, on it goes, each wanting happiness in a different way.

Some go in search of it communing with Nature. There, in the great solitude, and grandeur of forest, hill, and stream, they endeavor to grasp that something which they have missed in life; some seek it in the mad pursuit of pleasure. They all come back from the hunt without the prey, and meeting those on the way in like pursuit, must sadly shake the head and confess, happiness is to be found elsewhere.

These poor, misguided people have turned everywhere, but to the real Source of Happiness, God! In loving God, is the crux of all happiness and peace. Why is the face of a nun so serene; why does she radiate contentment? Why do you feel, after talking to a Priest, that something you cannot define; that you remember a sort of glow about him? They have found the secret of happiness, in loving, and serving God.

You say, why, we cannot all go to the cloister, or become Priests; how are we in the world to find this same happiness? Love of God may blossom forth in all its richness in a poor, little cell, yet it can burn like a brilliant flame in the heart of the world. There is no restriction on the Love of God; the Grace is given where it may.

The difference between the cloister and the world is this; in the convent God's Love is welcome; it is treasured as Something very precious; it is co-operated with, and allowed full reign to sanctify the soul. In the world this same Love is rejected; the soul, feeling the first stirring within, tries to cast it off; blinded by worldliness, and starved for the want of reciprocation, Grace flees, and the soul goes on its easier way, unconscious that the Happiness, for which it will cry later, has been forced away.

The soul that is in the world, that has co-operated with God's Love,

is the one that is truly happy; the Sacraments are not just routine duty; the Commandments are being kept, not because they have been handed down by God, but, because breaking them, means the violation of God's Love; when sickness comes, and a bed of pain is the result, there is perfect resignation to the Divine Will, and even joy in the suffering; the same with trials and troubles, and even Death. When this Union of Love between Creator and Soul has been perfected, there is the fulfilment of earthly happiness; the foretaste of that Eternal Happiness that awaits.

This happiness is in the reach of everyone. None is denied it, who co-operates in the Divine Plan for each individual soul. Each is led by a different road, for God would try the soul in His own particular way; the mother with her many children, burdened, yet happy in them, for love of God; teaching them to love Him, too; the sufferer for years on his bed of agony; the harassed house-wife, performing the irksome duties of her state in life, for love of God; the poor laborer, humble and just, toiling for love of God; the young business girl, day after day performing monotonous tasks in an office, for love of God. All are satisfied, all are happy, for each action of the day is attuned to Him. It is only dissatisfaction with one's state in life, to which God calls, that hinders His love. So, true happiness consists in Love of God. With Him it begins, with Him it ends in permanent union in Heaven.

#### *Modern Apostles*

Our Modern Apostles are our Catholic Priests. They are the successors of the twelve, Whom Christ chose to share in His Redemption of souls.

He gave to the twelve, on the Night of the Last Supper, the power of changing bread into His Body, and wine into His Blood, when He said: "Do this in commemoration of Me!" What was meant by this? That, which He was doing then; taking bread, blessing it, and changing it into His Body; taking wine, blessing it, and changing it into His Blood. "Do this in commemoration of Me!" Does it not mean, till the end of time? And who will do it in memory of Christ, if not those, the successors of the twelve, our Modern Apostles? How necessary are our Priests for the continuation of this Commemoration.

Christ also gave the power to forgive sin to the twelve, when the Holy Ghost was sent to breathe upon them, filling them with wisdom and counsel; "Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them;



whose sins you shall retain, they are retained." Thus this power rightfully belongs to the successors of the twelve.

Christ sent them forth, the twelve, filled with the Holy Ghost, with these words: "Go forth and teach all nations. He, who heareth you heareth Me; he who despiseth you, despiseth Me." And, spreading the Word of God, are the successors of the twelve. They are teaching all nations, in this day.

Therefore, I ask you, if you are one of those who frequently say, "I do not believe in Priests!" what greater proof than Christ's own words to refute you. You say you do not believe in Confession, and Christ rebukes you with His own words.

You say you believe in God, but not His Priests, and Christ says you are inconsistent, for you cannot despise His Servant, without despising God.

The Priesthood of Christ is holy, as He is Holy; it is divine as He is divine; it must go on, and will continue until eternity. Christ looks upon it, and loves it, and He chooses those who will grace it. Remember, He chooses His Priests; not they Him, because an invitation for so sublime a privilege must needs come only from Him, who instituted it.

The aspirant for the Priesthood goes through many years of study and preparation, fortified by the Sacraments; he is constantly under the guidance of Superiors. It is only after a lengthy preparation to fit himself in body, soul and mind, that he finally reaches ordination. Then, he goes forth to take up his Priestly duties, and God is his first and last end. He is the Beacon, shining to guide him; the Holy Spirit, is His Armor; Mary Immaculate, His Shield and Protectress.

The Priest as a follower of Christ, wants to be like his Beloved Master, and so he goes through the world giving of himself, like The Master; healing the sick, by bringing them Christ, the Healer, in Holy Communion; raising the dead — those souls dead in mortal sin — by absolving them in the Confessional; feeding the hungry — starved souls needing the Word of God — by preaching sermons as Christ did along the wayside; succoring the poor, and baptizing and burying the dead. It is a life of sacrifice, of minute service, but all for Christ, to bring Him the souls He thirsts for, and for which He died.

How do we treat these Modern Apostles? Do we realize fully every Priest is another Christ? Do we give them the respect and reverence that is due to a Representative of Jesus Christ?

Do we realize they are in the world, but not of the world; that they are doing only good in the world, which is only all-visible to the Eyes of God.

Do we stop to think that in the lateness of the night, while we sleep peacefully, some Priest is hurrying to go to the beside of the dying? When that call comes, there is not a moment's delay. All his thought is to bring you and me the Last Sacraments, so that we may die happily in the grace of God. In rain and storm; in cloudburst and blizzard, he will go to the bedside of the dying. Nothing can keep him back, even though life would be the forfeit.

When sick or in trouble, He visits and cheers, as His Beloved Master consoled and gave peace as He went His way. He gives the Waters of Baptism to the infant, at the dawn of life; he feeds the youthful soul with Holy Communion, after washing it in the Blood of Christ; he officiates at the Sacrament of Matrimony at maturity, and sends it on to its Maker at the sunset of life. How intimate with the life of the soul. Oh, how we need them, our Priests!

So, I say to you, who do not believe in Priests, you do not know them; you do not follow them, as Christ was followed by the multitudes. Those who followed Him, were witnesses to His miracles; listened to His sermons; were healed of their infirmities. Therefore, be a follower of the Modern Apostles, and learn how to love The Beloved Master as He is loved by His Chosen Ones.

### *Know His Heart*

Sometimes, you hear this cry: "Oh, if I only had a true friend in this world? Someone to whom I could go with my troubles; who would understand. Someone, in whom I could have the utmost trust." Why, oh why, does that cry echo and re-echo? Ah, Soul! Soul seeking that friend, why do you go into the high-ways and by-ways? Why do you climb the mountains, and look longingly across the ocean? Think you will find that friend there? Why do you follow the quest in human flesh? Know you not that the flesh is weak, and the heart is faithless? Why seek you further? Why seek you at all, when that Friend is in your midst.

In Him, you will find a Heart changeless; in Him, you will find a Friend, inseparable; in Him, you will find love unquenchable. All your troubles and trials He will take to His Heart; all your sufferings He will bear in His Heart; all your requests and petitions, He will grant

from His Heart. His Divine Heart is an endless Treasure-House of grace.

Come to know and understand this Heart of Jesus. Everything He has done for you, He has done through a motive of love for you, and only love springs from the heart. Think of the consuming love He had for you, just as if you were the only one He was thinking of, when He left to you, on that memorable Holy Thursday night, the legacy of His Own Body and Blood, the Bread to give you Life Everlasting. He wanted you to be united forever with Him. Can you find such love elsewhere? Is this not a proof of His great love?

Think of the Agony in the Garden. How sorely tried was His Heart, the sins of Mankind shackled to it. He resigned Himself to death, the resolve coming from love burning in His Divine Heart.

Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for a friend. Are you firmly established now in the fact that Jesus loves you with a love that burns like an endless conflagration? Then, understand that He wants to be everything to you. He wants to help you with your struggles in this life, so that you can be happy with Him in the next.

If you would only take Him as your Confident. Go to Him, and converse with Him, as if a life-long friend, to whom it would be the most natural thing in the world to go to, and confide the inner-most secrets of your heart.

When the heart is bowed down with grief, or oppressed with trials, or tortured with the knowledge of a blackened soul, resolve to go to Your Best Friend. You will find Him waiting for you, His eyes eagerly watching the door for your visit. Walk up to the altar-rail, and kneel down and have "that talk" with Your Friend. There will not be any reproaches, any frowns, any exclamation of horror; there will not be pain in the Loving Eyes; cross words on the Smiling Lips; or disgust in The Sacred Heart. Instead those Eyes will be gently, lovingly upon yours; those Lips will be framing words of comfort; that Divine Heart will take you into an ardent embrace. Peace, consolation, happiness you have never known will be yours.

Wherefore, Oh, wherefore, do you seek? O Soul, stop your wandering, the quest of your heart is over, for hidden behind the Tabernacle door, is the Friend you seek. Where will you find rest and peace, if not in His arms; where will you find love and understanding,

if not in His Sacred Heart? Understand His Heart. Know His Heart.

*The Shepherd-King*

We wonder what title Our Lord likes best. He has so many. He is the King of Kings. A King! We think of Him, full of power and majesty. It fills us with awe. Too many with fear. He is a king, and a King must be adored, revered from afar. We must not approach. We must stand at a distance. How wrong to think in this vein. True, Christ is a King, but an approachable one, a warm-hearted King.

We think of Him, under the title of The Good Shepherd, and ah, how it fills us with love. We are not afraid to throw ourselves into the arms of The Good Shepherd, for it was He, who went in search of the Lost Sheep, found it, caressed it, and brought it back on his shoulder. Perhaps He likes this title the best. The Good Shepherd seeking each day, the Lost Sheep. Yes, He is a Shepherd and a King, and why not the Shepherd-King!

As the Shepherd, the Soul comes to Him, throws itself upon His Mercy and Goodness, and is consoled in the embrace of Forgiveness. Then the King gives to the Soul all that a King can give, for a King is rich in gifts. The first thing He gives is Himself. He loads the Soul with Graces, favors, all that His Kingly Heart can give, because It is consumed with love for the Soul.

Let us see in the Mighty King also the kindly Good Shepherd, and approach both in the same confident way, for Christ, Our Lord, wants us, not through fear, but through love. He reigns through love. His Kingdom is a Kingdom of Love. He is The Shepherd-King.

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**A SERVANT OF MARY**

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When Pope Pius X was Bishop of Mantua, a business man of the city who had vilified him was suddenly brought to the brink of financial ruin. When the future Pontiff heard of this he sent for a certain woman and gave her a large sum of money — enough to save the man who had wronged him.

"Go and find his wife," he said to her, "and give her this. But above all, do not let them know that it was I who sent you. If they are insistent, you may say that the person who has collected this amount is the most compassionate of all women — our Lady of Perpetual Help."

# The Ven. Peter Donders, C.Ss.R.

## APOSTLE OF LEPERS

N. GOVERS, C.Ss.R.

### CHAP. X. AMONG THE LEPERS

The prophet Isaias, contemplating in vision our Suffering Saviour all covered with ghastly wounds, finds among all the diseases which afflict mankind no more striking resemblance to His condition than leprosy. "There is no beauty in Him nor comeliness," he cries out in his sorrowful meditation; "we have thought Him as it were a leper and as one struck by God and afflicted." (Is. liii. 2-4).

From this resemblance to the lepers, which our Lord was pleased to assume, sprang the great love which His Spouse, the Church, bore toward those unfortunate beings in the ages of Faith. The lepers were the children of her predilection. She called them by that tender name, "*Dilecti filii leprosi*—My beloved children, the lepers." Expressly for them did she compose that beautiful prayer of her liturgy and institute those touching ceremonies with which she led forth the unfortunate from the company of the healthy.

"Thy darts, O Lord, have penetrated deeply into my heart, and Thy hand presses heavily upon me. No sound spot is in my body, and I feel wearied and exceedingly afflicted." And before closing upon them the doors of the Asylum outside the town where those unfortunate beings were obliged to stay, she bade them adieu in these most tender words: "My child, be patient and abound in love after the example of our Lord Jesus Christ and His blessed Saints. For after enduring much sorrow and bitterness, sickness, leprosy, and other adversities in this world, we shall enter the realms of Paradise, where no sickness will be, nor any adversity, but where all of us shall be spotless and fair, not infected, not stained, more brilliant than the sun: that realm which, if it please God, will one day be your inheritance also. Be a good Christian, and bear your affliction with patience. May God give you this grace."

The Servant of God whose Life we are writing was an ardent lover of the Suffering Christ. It was for Christ's sake that, seeing the image of his sorrowful Redeemer reproduced in the poor lepers, he felt himself drawn to them with an intense pity and tender love, and he was

firmly resolved to sacrifice himself for them. This desire and resolution would be fulfilled in the year 1856. Prior to that time he had offered himself to labor among them, but Right Rev. Bishop Grooff thought better to decline his offer. In 1856, however, he was appointed by Right Rev. Bishop Schepers to take charge of the Leper Asylum at Batavia.

Before we admire his love for the lepers, let us become acquainted with the place where he exercised that love. Batavia is situated along one of the most beautiful rivers of Surinam, near the mouth of the Coppename. From the Asylum the eye wandered over the tossing waters of the river and beyond at no great distance to the Atlantic. The sight of a sail was a rarity. The Asylum, except on the front, was surrounded by evergreen forests. The place did not by any means harmonize with its beautiful situation. It was the Government's Establishment for the segregation of the lepers. Let us enter that abode of misery as it was in the time of Father Donders. Just before us lies the Church. A white, shell-topped road, planted on both sides with orange trees, leads up to it. After passing through a small garden, we cross a broad avenue before we enter the edifice. We shall stop here a moment to look around at Batavia. On the left our eyes rest on a double row of rooms destined for the lepers, while at the extreme end of the avenue stands the large residence of the manager. On our right is the doctor's house with the hospital, and behind the latter and parallel to the avenue run four streets where the lepers reside. Behind the church lies the cemetery. In the time of Father Donders the priests used to live in rooms over the sacristy, and beneath, on the altar, in the tabernacle, dwelt in the Blessed Sacrament, our divine Saviour, the Friend of Lepers. The façade of the church was adorned with a beautiful statue of St. Roch, the Patron against infectious diseases. Over the four entrances were the consoling words of the Gospel: "The blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the dead rise again, the poor have the Gospel preached to them."

When Father Donders came to Batavia the whole place had fallen into decay. The houses were in a miserable condition. "These poor lepers," he writes, "the most of them slaves brought hither from different plantations live, a few white men excepted, in thatched hovels which especially inside, have the appearance of pigsties rather than abodes destined for human beings."

Nursing at that time was very different from what it is to-day. Nurses were unknown. The sick had to help one another, and many an unfortunate being was neglected altogether.

Such was the outward aspect presented at Batavia. But what of the poor inhabitants themselves, in whose midst Father Donders spent so many years? There is hardly a disease whose very name frightens poor mortals to such a degree as leprosy. It summons up before our mind's eye the most terrible sufferings, the most hideous wounds, the most crying infection. Indeed, among those afflicted with disease, there are few so deserving of pity as the poor lepers.

Leprosy, as it appears in Surinam, is of two kinds, dry and wet. Some sufferers bear traces of both forms. In dry leprosy the muscles are reduced to a complete state of paralysis. The gradual eating away of the affected parts causes the sufferer most horrible pains. By degrees the hands and the feet are contracted to such an extent that the former are unfit for use and it is almost impossible to walk on the bandaged feet. The hands and feet are reduced to mere stumps. "It is heart-rending indeed," writes Father Donders, "to look upon these poor men and women with their defective limbs; one without toes, another without fingers, everything rotting away; a third without a nose, a fourth completely blind; and with some the tongue has begun to rot in their mouth. At the sight of these unfortunate beings I could not restrain my tears."

If these poor creatures, the victims of dry leprosy, are to be pitied, much more deserving of pity are those who are infected with wet leprosy. Their hands and feet are sound; but their faces, ears and lips swell up horribly and are covered with dreadful knobs which finally burst open. Reduced to this state the sight of them is simply disgusting. And this terrible disease, which till now has proved to be incurable, they may suffer for twenty, thirty years or more before death comes to their relief.

Without doubt, if the nursing at Batavia had been what it should have been, the disease would not have made such rapid progress. Lack of proper nursing made the situation sad indeed. The following description of the action of this terrible disease is from the pen of Dr. A. van Haaselaar, who visited the Establishment in his capacity of Member of the Medical Board in Surinam. "Never," he writes, "never shall I forget the impression made on my mind when I first beheld the ravages



caused by leprosy among the poor inhabitants of that place. The bodies of some were covered with such great knobs and awful swellings that they resembled the bark of an old willow-tree rather than the natural integument of man's body. Many of them had neither hands nor feet. Two of them had their arms off at the elbows; nothing being now left but the upper arm. One had his legs off at the knee-joint. Others had their legs drawn up to such an extent that it seemed as if the chin were fastened to the knees. Having lost the greater part of the palate and the nose cartilage, their voices were so hoarse that it was utterly impossible to understand them. In a word, it was the greatest human misery that I had ever witnessed, and I hope I shall never see the like again. We were very glad to have finished our disagreeable task, and we had only one desire — to leave at once this abode of misery. We embarked as soon as possible and departed as quickly as we could, thanking God for the good health which we were so fortunate as to enjoy."

And it is in this abode of suffering and misery that the Servant of God will remain for many, many years. What renders the stay in such a place still more painful is the dreadful, nauseating odor that leprosy spreads all around, especially in damp weather. At times this stench is almost insupportable. Father Damien, the Apostle of Molokai, writes: "It has cost me a great deal to become accustomed to this odor. Once while saying Holy Mass I felt so uneasy that I was about to leave the altar for a moment to get a whiff of fresh air; but the thought that our Saviour had the grave of Lazarus opened kept me back." Dr. van Haaselaar, quoted above, writes: — we will be pardoned the quotation — "The stench was so dreadful in some of the houses that some of the gentlemen of the Board rushed out into the open to relieve the nausea."

If one would wish to have a picture of the disease drawn to the life, let him read what Right Rev. Bishop Grooff, he, who was praised by friend and foe alike for his great love for the lepers, writes on the subject. Many a time he had been among them. When after a long absence he felt an ardent desire to return to them, he tells us: "I must frankly confess that after my return on attending a serious sick-call a frightful shudder came over me. I was summoned to the death-bed of a leper whose right leg had rotted away with the disease. A smouldering piece of wood to protect him against the stings of insects, some water from the river to quench his thirst, were all the comforts he had. Stretched on the dirty clay floor, the death pallor on his face, a couple



of fowls preyed upon his bleeding wounds. A green plantain-leaf was his bed, a piece of wood covered with rags his pillow, a worn-out canvas his quilt. Indeed, at this awful sight and the pestiferous odor which the sick man spread about, I cannot deny, I recoiled for a moment. Hurriedly I administered to the poor man the consolations of the Church, finding hardly a sound spot on his wounded body on which to apply the Holy Oils in Extreme Unction."

Scenes like this Father Donders witnessed repeatedly. They give us a faint idea of what the place was like in which the Venerable Servant of God spent a great part of his life. To this unenvied and unenviable spot the Catholic priest had at all times free access, while the entrance to the other plantations was denied him. More than ordinary courage and heroic virtue were required to mix with people stricken with this dreadful disease, to sit and listen to the confession of men and women brought to so miserable a condition, to bend over them to catch their whispered words: and all this for more than twenty-six years! True, one at length becomes accustomed to the horrible sights. But to silence altogether the voice of nature is well-nigh impossible. Nature cannot but feel the self-renunciation required of it. Very few would consent to spend twenty-five years in a place like Batavia. Moreover, what a dreadful solitude! How entirely remote from society! One's only company slaves stricken with that horrible disease!

Other priests besides Father Donders have, it is true, been charged with the care of the lepers. But none of them ever stayed in charge so long as he. If Molokai had its Father Damien, Surinam likewise had its Apostle of the Lepers in Father Donders!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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It is indeed more through suffering and persecution than through eloquent preaching that God wills to establish His Kingdom in souls. (*St. Therese, The Little Flower.*)

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Courage does not lie  
Alone in dying for a cause—  
To die is only giving.

Courage is to feel  
The daily daggers of relentless steel  
And keep on living.

## Houses

### THE HOUSE OF CONTRADICTION

D. F. MILLER, C.Ss.R.

#### VII.

An awkward silence ensued upon the entrance of the Professor into the room. It managed to claim even Jack, who after his first outcry, stood looking from one to another of those around him — as if waiting for someone to resume play. Father Sheldon broke the spell by rising from his sitting position upon the floor. Pauline went through the formality of introduction.

The state of the Professor's mind was evident upon his features. It was blank. The informality and intimacy of the social gathering he had intruded upon unnerved him. He had expected to come as to a class room; to commandeer a professorial chair and dogmatize on some of the results of his researches. The surroundings in which he found himself threw him out of poise. He found himself meeting a number of smiling faces and utterly carefree persons. Endeavoring to be companionable and to put himself at ease as they were introduced — they had him floundering. No class room was anything like this.

He was introduced to Father Sheldon. The human cordiality of the latter — following as it did upon his rising from the floor where he had been amusing Jack — was something that fitted into none of the preconceived notions of Lisle as to the nature of priests. He had never met a priest before. He had read books written by priests — sociological tracts and treatises — but had thought of them as the products of that huge, impersonal machine called the Church of Rome. That there were individuals behind that — individuals with flesh and blood and smiles and socialibility — had never struck him. The task of adjusting all the traditional and a priori ideas he had unconsciously accumulated concerning priests — to the concrete evidence before him baffled even the erudition of the Professor.

"I am delighted," said Father Sheldon smilingly as he was introduced, "to know the father of this little prodigy. Jack is a great boy."

Lisle stammered something, and Helen, with a mischievous wink at Father Sheldon, drew up a chair behind the professor and bade him be seated. He sat down and rested his books upon his knees while he took out a handkerchief and mopped his brow. Then he looked at his son.

"Hello, Jack," he said, without moving. That was all.

Jack leaned over the railing of his play-box and pointed frantically to his father, while he repeated some unintelligible word.

"I think," said Father Sheldon glancing at the watch chain visible on the Professor's vest, that he wants your watch. We have been demonstrating timepieces to him."

Lisle looked confused. Watches were not for children. Time enough for the boy to have a watch when he was old enough to tell time. There was no point to letting him have one now — only perhaps to play with it and break it.

Eddie O'Brien came to the rescue. He took his watch out of his pocket and dangled it before Jack. The latter reached for it with a cry of satisfaction. The party gathered around him — all except Lisle — and "wisecracks" passed freely to and fro. At last Pauline arose.

"It's time for Jack to have his supper," she said. "I'll take him out and have the maid take care of it." There was a murmur from the boy as he was lifted from the cage. He did not want to leave the company. But Pauline quieted him and took him along. Lisle followed her and the boy with his eyes.

Meanwhile Lisle had sat in the background — a mute spectator of what was going on. He had placed his books on the floor beside him. Father Sheldon, when Pauline had gone, sat down in the vacant chair near the Professor and like a true book-lover, casually picked up one of the books that lay on the floor between them. He adjusted his glasses and read the title as if to himself.

"A History of the Warfare of Science with Theology in Christendom," he quoted, "by Andrew Dickson White." He let the book fall to his knee, "Well, well," he continued, "this is a very valuable book. I have used it time and again."

The professor's jaw dropped in amazement. He looked down and saw that it was one of the books he brought that the priest had taken. He stared at him.

"Did you say valuable?" said Helen.

"Yes," he went on. "It is an excellent illustration of the uses of diversity in the definition of terms — or rather in the lack of definition of terms. If I conceive the word 'horse' to mean 'cow' and write a book about it, my book will be somewhat different from that of the expert from whom the word 'horse' means 'horse.' Won't it, Eddie?"

"I rather imagine," said Eddie with a smile. Helen suppressed a laugh and smiled her eagerness for the priest to go on. Pauline re-entered the room and drew a chair up to Helen's and sat down beside her. The Professor made an effort to rescue the floor from the priest who so easily had taken it.

"Why," he said not without diffidence, "the book is quite an authority."

"Yes, quite so," said Father Sheldon. "It is being used in dozens of Universities, like many other books such as Freud's Psychoanalysis and Lippmann's Preface to Morals, which use, in the popular mind, makes them authorities. But as I was saying this is a splendid illustration of the various uses to which terms can be put. Just take the word 'theology' for example."

Carelessly he was turning the pages of the book while speaking. Lisle still stared; he felt vaguely uncomfortable. A strange trick of fate had changed him from a prospective lecturer to a listening pupil. He did not feel antagonistic; there was not enough venom in his nature. But he was awed, amazed, troubled.

"The word 'theology,' for instance," Father Sheldon repeated. "You notice it is in the title of the book. 'Warfare of Science and Theology.' What does he mean by 'theology'? You have read the book, haven't you, Professor?"

"Yes," answered Lisle, dubiously.

"Then you have noticed that he uses the word 'theology' for several different things, as I might use the word horse for cow or dog for cat. Or better perhaps, as uninformed writers so often confuse sociology, social science, social ethics and even sometime economics. You've noticed that tendency in your reading and study in the field of your own specialty, haven't you professor?"

"Er — yes — indeed."

"Then you have no doubt noticed that the author here uses 'theology' in various ways. Sometimes it means for him simply philosophy — or what he would call medieval conceptions as to the ultimate cause and nature of the universe. Again he takes 'theology' to mean anything taught by a theologian, preached by a preacher or said by a priest. If I remember correctly — he has many pages devoted to hazy and sometimes false ideas about certain animals and birds and trees and other creatures that were written down by medieval priests. Perhaps he

did it just to enliven the book; he must have known he wasn't talking about theology there. Again he assumes 'theology' to mean the conclusions that men reasoned out with more or less certainty, by long and arduous process, from revealed truths or from words of Scripture. Sometimes the reasoning was faulty—he is very clever at pointing it out as such when the occasion demands. But the most amusing use of this overworked word 'theology' is when he implies that its tenets are actually and essentially represented by the art and architecture of other days. A man made a picture representing God as a man, therefore he believed God was some kind of a man; that was his theology because that was his picture."

The priest paused and looked around at the group who were listening to his words. The expressions were various; Eddie's was all attention; Pauline's was divided between interest in what was being said and regard for the reactions of the Professor; Helen's was pride and enjoyment—she was young enough to gloat over the championship of her cause against all comers; and Lisle's was a mixture; respect, surprise, unwilling acquiescence, and an uncomfortable feeling that he was out of order.

"Go on, Father," said Helen before the pause became long.

"By all means," added Eddie. Pauline was silent—leaving things to the judgment of the priest.

Father Sheldon turned to the Professor.

"You," he said, "can go on from there. I'm sure I've only been saying what you have noticed in your study of the book. Once we recognize what the author means by his words—we can analyze his work—not before. Isn't it true?"

"Certainly."

"And knowing what he means by 'theology' we can justly estimate the value of his history. If he means 'philosophy' he uses another term confusedly when he speaks about 'warfare' between science and philosophy; science in the modern sense, is a different sphere of knowledge from philosophy and cannot war with it. If he means the scientific lore of theologians of bygone ages—the only warfare between that and science is this that wider experiment and fuller study have taught men of modern times a better knowledge of the visible world around them than was known before. That's not warfare; it is progress. If he means by theology every opinion ever expressed by a

theologian; every stray belief or practice even adopted by men who had faith in God, every tenet that he interprets into the poetry, the art, the architecture of the past — then one is tempted to say that it did not require science with a capital 'S' to come along and war against that. But taking theology in its strict and essential meaning — as the science of God and divine things formulated in dogmas held as revealed and certain, and in conclusions certainly drawn from them, one must grant that he puts science in the position of Don Quixote charging the windmill when he would show that it has waged a warfare against theology in that primary and historic sense of the word. Conversely — that theology — genuine theology has been conspiring throughout the ages against the advance of science as he so staunchly reiterates is not only not historical fact — it does not even make sense as a sentence. One might as logically say that the science of botany has been waging war against sociology; or that of geology against economics."

Father Sheldon closed the book and laid it down gently on top of the others beside the chair of the Professor.

"One might say then that most of his horses are cows," said Helen, the irrepressible.

"In a way, yes," answered the priest, "though that is only one phase of the book. Isn't it Professor?" Not waiting for an answer, he went on. "He presents what he calls historical data against some genuine theological dogmas such as that of the fall of man — but to go into that now would keep us here all night." He took out his watch and gave it a glance. "I for one am going home for some supper."

He arose. There was a flurry of remonstrance against his departure, but it was unavailing.

"I'll leave Eddie here as a hostage. You stay, Eddie. I must be off." Before more could be said he had bidden everybody good-bye — the Professor with special friendliness — and departed.

"Under the circumstances," said Eddie, "there is only one thing for the rest of us to do — and that is — go out to dinner together. I know the finest little French cafe — how about it?"

"Oh, I couldn't leave Jack," said Pauline. "Stay here, all of you, and I'll fix something."

Helen took up Eddie's suggestion enthusiastically. "That's an idea," she said. Then to Pauline. "You can leave Jack this once. You

wouldn't be with him while preparing a lunch anyway. The maid can take care of him. And we'll be gone only an hour or so."

Pauline shook her head half dubiously, but it was plain she would not be hard to win over. But Helen and Eddie had reckoned without the Professor. He was already out in the hallway groping for his hat. Helen rushed to him and took him by the arm.

"You'll just have to go with us, Professor. Three is a crowd but four's just a nice party. We insist."

Lisle looked down at the girl and allowed himself to be drawn a step or two back into the room. He was still bewildered over the events of the afternoon and became more so at this new display of friendliness. Somehow it did not seem so unpleasant. He looked across the room at Pauline. She was smiling at him.

"And I'm sure you have lots of things to say to Mrs. Pierce," Helen rambled on. "Why you've hardly said anything this afternoon." Lisle winced. "Will you come?"

Lisle hardly recognized his voice as he answered:

"Yes, I'll come."

### VIII.

The evening was far advanced into night as Lisle at last walked through the streets, returning home. The moon was shining high in the heavens — washing the streets in a dull liquid flow of light. Lisle had never noticed a moon before, except to examine scientifically its position in relation to the rest of the solar system. A few stars were out — the others obscured by the brightness of the moon; he noticed to-night that stars twinkled like eyes in laughter.

Strange thoughts — new thoughts rushed pell-mell through his mind. He strove to organize them in categories — that he might draw conclusions from them. Somehow they were not so amenable to organization. One after the other of his experiences of the afternoon he would strive to isolate and dwell upon — only to find it shading off and into another. It was like the merging of colors as seen through a spectro-scope.

He had met a priest. Nothing so strange about that, he considered; he might have done it any time during the thirty odd years of his life, but he simply had not. At least not in the way he had met this priest. Up to this day he had been well-satisfied as to the truth of his concepts concerning priests; now he was no longer sure. Yet the exact



changes in his views could not be measured. There was something intangible in his experience; something indefinable; he could characterize it only by negatives — and then with no satisfactoriness. Priests were unapproachable, stand-offish, different from everybody else; but this one was not. Priests were hidebound in ceremonial and officious punctilio; this one was not. Priests had not time or use for non-Catholics; they plainly showed animosity; this one did not.

Thoughts of the priest merged into thoughts of the things Father Sheldon had said. Despite the fact that he had done all the talking and Lisle had been forced to be silent — no offense had been felt. It had been just the priest's way of keeping the conversation going. His criticism of Professor White's book seemed utterly unpremeditated; given out as one would give a report on last week's weather. And he spoke so reasonably — appealed to the Professor himself so often for confirmation of his logic — that it was impossible not to follow his train of thought. A genuinely educated man — was this priest; he must have further converse with him; it would be a relief from the immature imitations of thought he had so despairingly to deal with in the class room.

But the most lasting impression of the afternoon was the effect of the scene he had witnessed upon his entrance into the home of Mrs. Pierce. His boy in the middle of the room — surrounded by smiling young faces. The priest on the floor beside him — as young looking as the rest. Banter and laughter filling the room. That was all. But there was something in it more elusive than all the rest. Something that made him feel an outsider to the group — yet made him want to enter it. He fought with this feeling; was he becoming sentimental? he asked. Perhaps he was — but in cold reason he was sure he had glimpsed something in the family-like group he had witnessed that he had never seen or noticed before. What was it?

For one thing — it was that which gave a contented — even rapturous appearance to his boy, Jack. Something that put the child in its element; something it had never received from him. It was also something he had never brought into a lecture on the family — for all his conceit that he had been covering the ground thoroughly.

He arrived at the apartment where he had his rooms. He let himself in and touched on the light. He stood and gazed around . . . The room looked empty . . . Yes, there would be room here for a



play-box like the one in the Pierce drawing room . . . He almost saw it before him — and Jack hanging over its side reaching for his watch! . . . Pshaw! That wasn't it. Or it was only part of it. He would have to transplant something more than the child and its play-box to fill out this emptiness. If he had only thought of this — been awakened to it while his wife was living . . . Yet even that thought did not help. It did not tell him what he wanted — what indefinable thing he had glimpsed in a crowd for the first time this afternoon — that was haunting him — plaguing him by its remembrance now.

"Oh, I'm a fool," he said under his breath at last, and sat down at his desk and tried to read. The print danced away from him — and for a moment he thought it was Jack's laughing blue eyes.

*(To be continued)*

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### "KEYSTONES OF THOUGHTS"

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Dr. Austin O'Malley, noted scholar, physician and philosopher, died a few weeks ago in Philadelphia. From his book "Keystones of Thoughts" the following aphorisms have been culled and printed by the *Pittsburgh Catholic*:

"Exclusiveness is a characteristic of recent riches, high society, and the skunk."

"A charitable man is like an apple tree — he gives his fruit and is silent; the philanthropist is like the successful hen."

"Private interpretation in religion is like cutting your own hair."

"Atheism is a disease of the mind, caused by eating underdone philosophy."

"Busy souls have no time to be busybodies."

"You can neither gather wool from an ass nor truth from a sensualist."

"If you are without an enemy in the world, you may be a lamb or an ass, but you are not a man."

"An agnostic is a street fakir that shuts his good eyes and holds out the placard: 'I am blind'."

"Persecution is as necessary to religion as pruning to an orchard."

"Truth lives in the cellar; error on the doorstep."

"Those that say they despise riches are either saints or liars."




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## Archconfraternity OUR MOTHER OF PERPETUAL HELP

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### Our Mother of Perpetual Help

IN TIME OF WAR, FAMINE, AND CONTAGION

T. Z. AUSTIN, C.Ss. R.

Reminders of the Great War are still around us. Still we see those who were young in that day and in lusty youth went out to war — some with high ideals, some through sheer necessity — now going through life minus an arm, minus a limb or with scarred face. Still we can visit the immense government hospitals and see, in crippled and sick and mentally deranged men, the effects of war. And in books and articles for everyone to read and on stage and screen for everyone to see, still the shadows of the great ugly thing upon our earth are found.

How many in the summer of 1914 thought that we should ever be dragged into that war!

And then we read with something of terror and still more of shame for sensible men, that the wars of the future will be infinitely more terrible than anything we have yet seen. If they come —

Ah, if they come, may the protection of Mary our Mother of Perpetual Help be thrown around us, day and night, to shield us from harm, to soothe us in suffering, to comfort us in fear and distress and to endow us with courage in danger.

Yes, if they come — but our petition means too that she may guard this world that belongs to her Son, against such inhuman carnage. And if this prayer could be on everyone's lips and in everyone's heart, the aims of the Peace movement would be accomplished.

"In Time of Famine." Only a few months ago we read about famine in China. We may have felt a twinge of pity in our hearts — but we did not feel the pain of hunger and we quickly forgot. Not so the

children of China who cried to their mothers in vain for bread; not so the mothers and fathers who died rather of broken hearts than of starvation.

We have no famine to fear now. Yet, even now, in the midst of plenty, many go hungry.

"Please help me, Father. I am hungry. I do not ask for money, I ask for food — please do not refuse, for I am really hungry."

So begged a man at the door of a priest's house in Pittsburg, on January 31st. The priest took him in and shared his dinner with him. Then said the man:

"Believe me, Father, this is the first I have had to eat in three days. I have not had even a piece of bread since Thursday. Now I feel better."

It was that which made the priest open a "Free Lunch" at his own expense, and this is the record of the meals he was obliged to serve, week by week:

Week of Feb. 7, 1232; week of Feb. 14, 2695; week of Feb. 21, 2990; week of Feb 28, 2837; week of March 7, 2477; week of March 13, 3052; week of March 20, 3128; week of March 27, 3163; week of April 9, 3390 — a total of 26,966.

And his experience is repeated all over the country. In the midst of plenty, there is famine.

May our Blessed Mother help all who suffer and may she soften hearts and fill them with her wisdom and charity.

"In time of Contagion." Those who have lived through the "Flu" of 1918, have not, and will not soon forget the ravages caused by the disease — especially among the young. They will never forget its insidious attack, its mysterious progress, its swift and fatal end. Whence it came — like an evil thing borne on the wind — no one knew. Doctors were baffled.

But where human wisdom and human aid fail, we turn to heaven — to her who has been made by God, Our Perpetual Help. How many experiences her faithful children can recount of Mary's aid!

We too shall be able to speak of our own little "miracles" — if we but call on her:

"In Time of War, Famine and Contagion, come to our aid, most loving Mother!"

# Catholic Anecdotes

## HALF-HEARTED PRAYERS

The prayer of petition is the lowest form of prayer. It is also the easiest, because we have need of so many things. Yet even in this almost selfish kind of prayer our interest often lags; we are half-hearted even in asking for the blessings of God. We are like the little girl of whom Mr. S. J. Corey writes:

"I saw a little girl come out of a house the other day bitterly crying. Her mother had denied her request and she was wailing, 'I want a doll carriage! I want a doll carriage!'

"As she walked down the sidewalk her petition grew more and more indistinct; and as she turned and walked beside me, it was only the half-hearted cry, 'I want—I want!'

"Finally, as I faced her, it had shortened into a bewildered 'I'

"I looked into her little tear-stained face and asked:

"'What is it you want, my little girl?'

"She gazed at me blankly for a moment and then, rubbing her little dirty fist against an eye, she smiled shame-facedly and replied: 'I don't know!'

## HOW GOOD HE IS

Sister Marie Ferreol, a Little Sister of the Poor, who, bowed beneath the weight of eighty years, was confined to her room, found her consolation in prayer and the practice of the different exercises of piety prescribed by the rule.

After Holy Communion, which she received frequently, her heart was filled with humble gratitude to Our Lord.

"I can no longer go to Him," she used to say, "and now He comes to His little servant! Oh, how good He is! . . . I abandon myself to His sweet Mercy!"

It is a happy thought. If we are faithful in going to Our Dear Lord while we can, He will come to us also, when we are no longer able to go to Him.

### ONE WHO SEES ALL

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John D. Rockefeller in his generosity contributed liberally to the restoration of the Cathedral at Rheims. An American architect visited the Cathedral during the course of the work and he went up on a high scaffolding where two men were engaged on the keystone of an arch, one of them, an elderly man, taking great care planning and measuring and chiseling.

The American architect interrupted and said:

"My dear sir, you're taking a great deal of pains with that keystone."

"Oh, yes," said the old man, "it's got to be right."

"But," replied the architect, "you're away up here one hundred and fifty feet, and nobody will see it."

"Yes," came the reply, "God will see it."—*Listening In.*

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### ALL OUR MIGHT

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A man and his little boy were working together in the garden. The boy had been assigned the work of gathering up the loose stones and pitching them into a nearby ditch. He went along with his work very well until he came to a rather huge stone. He tussled with it and then gave up.

The father came and noticed that the stone was still there and remarked it.

"That's one I can't lift," said the boy. "I tried with all my might but I couldn't lift it."

"My son," replied the father, "you did not try with all your might, for I was here as a part of your might, and you did not ask me to help."

So it is with many Christians. They think they are trying with all their might to avoid sin and to practice virtue even when they fail. And much of the time they have forgotten the God Who is a part of their might—the most necessary, the all powerful part—ready to help at a word of prayer.

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A soul in the state of grace has nothing to fear from the demons, who are cowards, capable of flight before the gaze of a child. (*St. Therese, The Little Flower.*)

## Pointed Paragraphs

### "OF WHOM WAS BORN JESUS"

"The lover of Christ is the lover of Mary."

This is one of those statements that scarcely need elaboration or proof. It is attested by the whole history of Christianity, whose poets, artists, theologians, priests and countless faithful have never needed to be urged to love, honor and devote themselves to her "of whom was born Jesus." It expresses an impulse of the human heart that may be called natural, instinctive; it is the impulse to love all that is cherished by its best beloved; in respect of Mary, it is the instinctive honoring of her "whom the King hath a mind to honor." It has received added force from the dogmatic certainty that Christ Himself wishes it, asks it, commands it, when He adds to her office of motherhood over Himself that of motherhood over His people. "Son, behold thy Mother!"

Down through many centuries of the past, the month of May has been Mary's month — dedicated in an especial way to practices of devotion of lovers of Christ towards Mary. In a multitude of forms has this devotion been shown by Christians of other ages. They named many of the flowers of May after her; and the names have come down to us — though the world has forgotten their meaning. They sang songs, played games, held gatherings and processions under the open canopy of heaven under the patronage of Mary and in praise of her name. They enshrined her image upon altars in churches and in homes, and gathering around them in prayer in the morning and evening hours, made the heavens rejoice and their own lives beautiful and glad.

The sentiment of Christian love for the Mother of the Savior has come down to us; but many of the practices whereby it was made an influence upon lives have been lost by the way. We make a plea that some of them be revived during this month of May. Let an altar be erected in every Christian home — all it need be is a table or a stand with Mary's picture or statue upon it and May flowers to adorn it and a place for the family to gather for the recitation of its prayers. Let some of the beautiful hymns in honor of Mary — that are known to all

and appeal to all — be heard within the home; they will offset the blare of jazz and the endless gush of crooning that desecrate the word "music" in our day. Let the Rosary be recited each day; books about Mary be read and pondered; devotions be faithfully attended; and then the world will know once more that "the lover of Christ is the lover of Mary too."

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### MOTHER'S DAY

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Mother's Day is a tribute to one of those sacred things of human life that the modern materialistic era has done much to desecrate and destroy. It is refreshing, in an age that makes marriage an experiment, love but a breath of passion, and home only a place to eat and sleep and hang one's hat when there is nothing else to do, to witness multitudes of men giving fond expression to the love they owe their mothers. Perhaps it is a faint, foreshadowing sign of returning sanity to society; for the love of a child or a man for his mother is in great part dependent upon the stability of marriage and the everlasting sacredness of the things of home. One's fidelity to the former cannot be shown without demonstrating belief in the latter.

It is a refreshing sign — this celebration of Mother's Day — but as yet it is only a sign. There are thousands of sons and daughters — infants and adults — who will know no reason for celebrating a Mother's Day. They have lost their mothers — not by death — for in death they are not lost; but through divorce, through selfishness, through infidelity — that so often make strangers of those who should be lovers forever. These should be made by their experience crusaders for the sacred things of home; for the things which alone can give Mother's Day a meaning for every child and man.

But though there are thousands of such — there are millions for whom Mother's Day is an occasion of gratitude and joy. Sons and daughters of mothers whose hearts are all that a mother's heart should be; whose love has been accompanied by fidelity and proved by sacrifice throughout the years. For them it is a reminder of the gratitude that they can never adequately express — though they should constantly try to make it known; and it is an inspiration impelling them to lives of fidelity such as have been taught them by the fidelity of their mothers.

### A MOTHER'S FAITH

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The following letter was found in the correspondence columns of the *Southern Messenger*. We print it for the beauty of its expression and its quiet sure faith in the things that do not die:

"Last night a neighbor came and sat upon my doorstep, and talked of many things. During the course of our conversation, he remarked: 'I don't believe in this story-book stuff about Heaven and Hell, life after death, etc. It's all the bunk. Anyone over ten years of age who can think for himself will agree with me. However, I grant you this, there is a supreme force governing the universe.'

"As I sat back in the shadows, I did not reply, as my husband seemed to be the target of all this superior wisdom.

"Long after our guests had departed, and preparations for the night had been completed, I sat wrapped in thought. I thanked God that my mind was below the ten-year-old mark. I did not want to grow up, if one must think like my neighbor.

"A memory filled my mind, of a little pair of overalls, patched so carefully and tucked away so gently in an old trunk, never again to be worn. The hush of the night wind brought a small sweet face near and a little voice called, 'Mother!' If I were tormented by doubt, in what a despairing purgatory my soul would be. I shall not lose faith. God's promise will be fulfilled. My darling baby I shall see again.

"Or else, it would be futile, all this love we have for one another. This striving for the better things of life. It would not be necessary to be honest with your fellowmen. Home and family ties which most of us try to keep undefiled would be a useless mockery. If such is truly the case, I am thankful that my reasoning powers are still immatured.

"I believe in God, his Son Jesus, the Blessed Virgin and all the Saints and Disciples of Heaven. I do humbly implore God to help me bring up my children in the same pure faith as of old, in this day of modern thinking and hip-flasks. To accomplish this is a hard task, for even the most competent mother.

"Somehow, I believe that which has withstood all attacks down through the ages will still be the nucleus of all that's worthwhile until time ceases."



### THE THINGS WE READ

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There are many kinds of "rackets" operating in the American business world. A "racket" may be roughly and widely defined as an illegal or unjust or unwarranted profit-making scheme. The liquor "racket" is known to all but a few. The "rackets" in various trades-unions are known well perhaps only to those most affected by them. But the best-seller "racket" is one of which many people are ignorant—but which affects them all—simply because it thrives on their ignorance.

The best-seller "racket" is the name that might be given to the process that accomplishes the feat of placing a book at head of the lists of those bought from book-stores and borrowed from libraries. To many people the word "best-seller" attached to a new book is sufficient indication that it is a book worth buying, reading, quoting, telling their friends about. They are naively ignorant of the highly developed plan whereby business men—not disinterested literary critics—have brought it about that the book in question attained the precious title of best-seller.

James B. Connelly, in the March issue of *Columbia*, reveals some of these methods. He brings on three specific cases of the last few years of books that would have died on the printing press and should have so died, but which actually sold tremendously. Sheer ballyhoo—capitalizing upon the sex lure—or on slamming the Catholic Church, sold them to the public. Of intrinsic merit he shows that they had very little.

O. O. McIntyre, in his daily newspaper column quaintly tells of an editor of a magazine who anonymously submitted a work of fiction to his own staff for inspection and publication. It was unanimously rejected. He sent it to other magazines under a pseudonym with the same result. Then he handed it over to a publishing company under his own name; it was at once printed and commanded a huge sale. It took the ballyhoo of a name to sell that which could not sell itself.

A new connotation of "best-sellers" suggests itself. It is often a book that has the good fortune of being brought out by those who, regardless of merit, know best how to sell.

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It is right to be contented with what we have; never with what we are.—*Mackintosh*.

# Catholic Events

A special blessing upon all who are laboring in the cause of international peace was pronounced over the radio by His Holiness Pope Pius XI on April 3. The occasion was the reading of the decree proclaiming the heroic virtues of Mother Alexis LeClerc of France, Foundress of the Sisters of Notre Dame.

The Holy Father's voice, speaking in Latin, and the English translation given by the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Spelman, American priest attached to the Papal Secretariat of State were heard in all parts of America.

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According to the reports of the Supreme Council of the Pontifical Society for the Propagation of the Faith, last year's contributions from the whole Catholic world to the missions, amounted to 52,000,000 lire or \$2,735,200.

Catholics of the United States, again leading the nations of the world, gave \$1,100,000, which is 41% of the total contribution to the Society.

The amount reported by the United States represents a decrease of 20% from the amount reported the preceding year. But this was considerably less than the decrease that had been looked for owing to the depression.

In a private audience Pope Pius XI charged the Rt. Rev. Msgr. William Quinn, national director for the Society in the United States, to convey his thanks to the Bishops and diocesan directors of the Society in the United States, adding that, if there was a decrease in last year's contributions, the missions have always had strong support from the charity of Americans.

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The National Catholic Converts' League, a society of converts to the Catholic Church, has just announced the establishment of a speakers bureau, which will seek to arrangements for several of the distinguished Protestant ministers who are recent converts to Catholicism. Their own spiritual adventures, and the realistic testimonials to the Faith which they are called upon to give, will form the topics of their lectures. The purpose of these lectures is to provide funds for the Converts' Aid Department. Many of these converts had to suffer serious losses on account of their conversion.

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One more anti-Catholic organization, which gave as an avowed purpose the electing of "only clean dry Protestants to public office," has apparently faded from the picture. The "Christian Crusaders," as they called themselves, have closed their headquarters office in Washington, and left no forwarding address.

The "Christian Crusaders" launched their campaign with a full

page advertisement in The Fellowship Forum, bitterly anti-Catholic publication which sponsored the activities of the late Ku Klux Klan, and reached its maximum of circulation while leading the exhibition of bigotry in the last Presidential campaign.

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On a ram-shackle building on the South Side, Chicago, there is a sign which seldom fails to arouse the interest of the passers-by. It reads: "The Retreat Restaurant." To those who stop to inquire an unusually interesting story is unfolded, for in the restaurant meals are served free to the unemployed, the free service being restricted to the jobless men who have made a retreat at the Mayslake retreat house of the Franciscan Fathers. The restaurant is supported by Bishop Bernard J. Sheil, auxiliary bishop of Chicago and his mother, and by donations from several priests.

The restaurant is part of a chain of spiritual and corporal works that already has brought back hundreds of men and young men to the Church. Although the various agencies have been working on the program only for a short time, already the need of providing funds for a retreat for 5,000 unemployed men, some of them homeless, is foreseen, and these funds are being underwritten by the Catholic Youth Organization.

\* \* \*

Catholic students were the winners of both prizes in the George Washington bi-centennial essay contest sponsored by the Golden Rule, a patriotic organization in St. Paul, Minn. The contest was participated in by pupils of public, parochial and private schools of the city. Irene Peters, one eighth grade pupil of St. Mark's School, was the Winner of the prize in the grade school; the high school prize was won by Eileen J. Gallager, of Visitation Convent.

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A measure designed to prevent discrimination against Catholic applicants for positions as teachers in the public schools in the state of New York, was adopted by both the Senate and the Assembly at the closing session of the legislature at Albany. The law prohibits trustees of school districts or any other school officials from interrogating applicants for positions concerning their religion or their religious affiliations. The measure is now before Governor Roosevelt, who is expected to sign it.

\* \* \*

Russian papers reveal the startling truth that the Union of Militant Atheists in the Soviet States has increased the number of its members from 87,000 to 5,000,000 since January 1, 1926. Youthful members of the Society number 2,000,000.

The organ of the movement is a paper that appears twice a month called "Bezboznik" (The Atheist). It has a circulation of 375,000. It is the plan of the Soviets to increase the number of atheists to 17,000,000 by the end of 1939.

The Atheist Movement is not confined to Russia. It has broken

out in Germany—especially where Protestantism has been decaying: in Czechoslovakia, where a freethinking movement is preparing the way for atheism; and in Austria, where it is said that seventy propaganda offices are to be established within the year.

\* \* \*

The Catholic Hospital Association of the United States and Canada recently completed a study of those to whom Catholic hospitals gave accommodation and treatment in 1930. Two especially noteworthy findings were the result. One that Catholic hospitals are not the proselytizing centers they are often stigmatized—as comparatively few of the non-Catholics entering them become Catholics; the other that such hospitals do effective work in bringing back lapsed Catholics to their duties and rectifying faulty marriages.

In 358 Catholic hospitals in the United States, 918,561 patients were treated in the period from January 1 to December 1 of 1930. The number of non-Catholic patients in 311 of the hospitals above considered was 412,851. If the other 47 hospitals had reported their non-Catholic patients, the proportion would more than probably be raised above 50 per cent.

The number of converts made during 1930 in Catholic hospitals was 1,370—a 5.4 per cent average for each of the 355 hospitals.

From the reports of 232 hospitals, it is learned that 8,070 Catholics were brought back to the practice of their religion during the year studied. With this figure as an average, it may be concluded that approximately 22,750 Catholics returned to their duties as a result of their stay in a Catholic hospital.

The records of 223 hospitals show 1,151 marriages validated during the year. The number probably reaches 3,000 for all the hospitals.

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At an audience with the students of the North American College in Rome on April 13, the day after he spoke to the world over the Vatican Radio, the Holy Father paid a glowing tribute to the hope America holds for the future of the Church.

"It is needless to say," said the Holy Father, "that your presence fills us with joy, because you already know this in a most certain and evident manner. You know how dear to the heart of the Father it is to see sons representing such a large and distant group of the Catholic family. . . . We have already received the happiest news and information from our and your America, stating that our words were heard as distinctly as if all were around us in the House of the Father."

Continuing, the Holy Father said that students of the North American College reminded him of such an important part of world and of Catholic life, because life in their country not only offers an imposing position in the present state of things, but also offers possibility of looking confidently to a future always greater, more splendid and more consoling.

## Some Good Books

*Our Lady's Choir.* A Contemporary Anthology of Verse by Catholic Sisters. Edited by William Stanley Braithwaite, with a foreword by the Rev. Hugh Francis Blunt and an introduction by Ralph Adams Cram. Published by Bruce Humphries, Inc., 470 Stuart St., Boston, Mass. 213 and xxx pages. Price, \$2.50.

There is the fragrance of "other-worldliness" about this volume of poetry from the pens of Catholic Sisters that makes it a delight. It is not, we hasten to add, the other-worldliness of the impractical dreamer; it is rather that which is the heart and the core of Catholic Doctrine; that teaches the proper uses of this present world; that is concretely exemplified by the lives of Catholic nuns and is the basic philosophy of every part of the Catholic body. In this volume of poems it is that spirit or philosophy that receives expression; graceful—sometimes fragile in form; utterly sincere and wholehearted in meaning. It is the privilege—and the accomplishment here—of the nun to express the Catholic spirit of other-worldliness that she lives so well.

The compiler has gathered a very representative collection in this anthology; and the first volume of its kind gives promise that there will be more. There should be more. In the words of Father Blunt in the foreword, Mr. Braithwaite "has given us a book that is a tribute to the high culture, the deep spirituality, of the various sisterhoods of the Catholic Church, but, more, he has sounded a note to catch the ear of the world and to prove again to many poets who have been recreant to their trust that great poems still may be made about God."—D. F. M.

*The Church Unconquerable* by Owen Francis Dudley. Published by the Queen's Work Press, 3742 W. Pine Blvd., St. Louis, Mo. 24 pages. Price, 10 cents. \$7.00 a hundred.

This pamphlet, by the author of "The Masterful Monk," "The Shadow on the Earth," etc., vividly portrays the indefectibility of the Church, despite the recurring cry that she is failing, has failed, or is doomed to fail; despite the constant efforts of her enemies to overthrow her power or supplant her with man-made religions.

*Copper Country.* A novel by Mary Synon. Published by P. J. Kenedy and Sons, New York. Seven full page illustrations. Price, \$2.00.

This is the story of the sons and daughters of the rich, successful pioneers in the Copper country of Northern Michigan. The author writes well on the old theme that "the course of true love never runs smooth," and her handling of dialogue is especially commendable. It is a Catholic story not in the sense that unreal piety is unpleasantly obtruded, but in this that the religious practices of the characters, such as prayer, confession, Mass, etc., are brought in in a frank, matter-of-fact manner—just as they actually are in the lives of true Catholics. Adversely it might be said only that the solution of the plot leaves the fate of one of the important characters rather unsatisfactorily decided. —R. J. M.

*Heart Talks with Jesus.* Fourth Series. By Rosalie M. Levy. Published by the author, Station D, Box 158, New York City. Brown suede leather, gold edges, by mail \$1.10. Black cloth, stiff binding, by mail 80 cents.

This new treasure of spiritual gems will be readily appreciated by all, especially those who are already acquainted with the former series of the booklet. The Fourth Series may be most fittingly called a miniature Life of Christ in poetry and verse. The various selections gathered from noted authors touch their subject very pleasingly. In the truest sense the booklet is a bouquet of heart to heart talks with the Saviour.

—A. B. K.

*Gateway of Grace* by Daniel A. Lord, S.J. Published by the Queen's Work Press, 3742 W. Pine Blvd., St. Louis, Mo. Price, 10 cents a copy. \$7.00 a hundred.

A glowing appraisal of the meaning of the Parish Church to the individual Catholic, a summary of the essential joys of life he finds therein, and a tribute to the priests and people who have erected the parish churches of America—all this is the subject matter of "Gateway of Grace." The reading of this pamphlet will help to arouse appreciation of what the parish should mean to the individual.

# Lucid Intervals

Tommy: "Mother, let me go to the zoo to see the monkeys."

Mother: "Why, Tommy, what an idea! Imagine wanting to go see the monkeys when your Aunt Betsy is here."

Blinks: "I hear you and your neighbor are on the outs. What happened?"

Jinks: "Well, my kids are taking music lessons, and the other day he sent over an ax with a note saying, 'Try this on your piano!'"

Boxing Instructor: "That was what they call a half hook."

Pupil (nursing his jaw): "Well, you can keep the other half."

Abie: "Fader, dere is a customer in de shop wants to know if dose all wool unshrinkable shirts vill shrink?"

Father: "Does it fit him?"

Abie: "No, it's too large."

Father: "Vell, den, dey vill shrink."

Teacher: "Now, Robert, what is a niche in a church?"

Bobby: "Why, it's just the same as an itch anywhere else, only you can't scratch it as well."

Recently an old negro who claimed to be "having symptoms" sought some medicine to make him feel better. As usual Mr. McPherson plied him with questions. Among other rather personal queries he said:

"And how are your kidneys, Uncle Reubin?"

"Well, Doc, dey is all grown up now and some of 'em is married."

Teacher—Sammy, what is it you look at after you wash your face to see if it is clean?

Sammy—The towel!

Harold: "Why are you crying, my little boy?"

Jake: "I drank some cider and now I can't find my way home."

Harold: "Well, you mustn't take it so hard."

A passenger on a New York and Chicago limited train, looking under his berth in the morning, found one black shoe and one tan. He called the porter's attention to the error.

The porter scratched his head in bewilderment.

"Wel, ef dat don't beat all," he said. "Dat's de second time dis mawnin' dat mistake's happened."

"Whereat you all goin', Weatherstrip?" said one midnight to the other.

Parcival of Boston, passing at the time, was interested.

"I say, boy," he queried of the dark one, "why on earth do they call you Weatherstrip?"

"Cause that's mah name, boss," came the ready answer. "Yuh see, I was bohn during the wah, and I saved mah daddy from the draft."

"Clorine," said Clorine's mistress, "I've heard about your hard luck, and I'm terribly sorry."

"Deed, ma'am, Ah ain't had no hahd luck."

"Why—wasn't your husband killed in a railroad accident yesterday?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am—but dat's his hahd luck—not mine."

Teacher: "William, how many bones have you in your body?"

William: "Nine hundred."

Teacher: "That's a great many more than I have."

William: "But, teacher, I had sardines for lunch."

"Oh, constable, I feel so funny."

"What's the matter, madam? Have you vertigo?"

"Oh, yes, constable, about two miles."

She: "You got fooled on this diamond ring."

He: "I guess not. I know my onions."

She: "Maybe—but not your carats."

Esther: "I went home with tonsillitis last week."

Louise: "Why, Esther! Does Joe know you go with that Greek?"

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